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THE HAPPY PRINCE

A STORY

BY

OSCAR WILDE

WITH INCIDENTAL MUSIC

BY

LIZA LEHMANN.

PRICE 3/= NET

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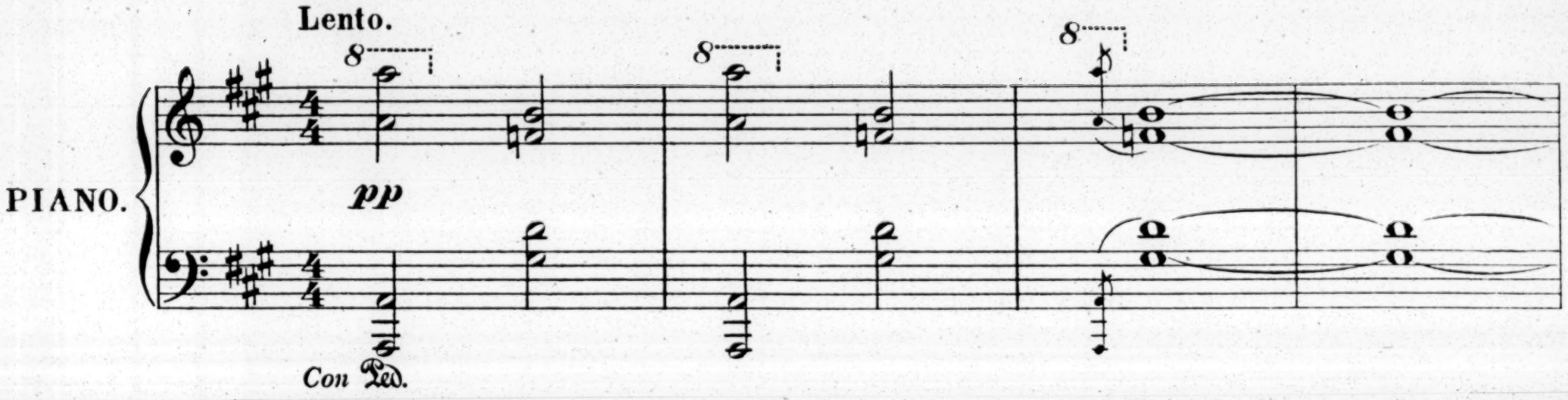
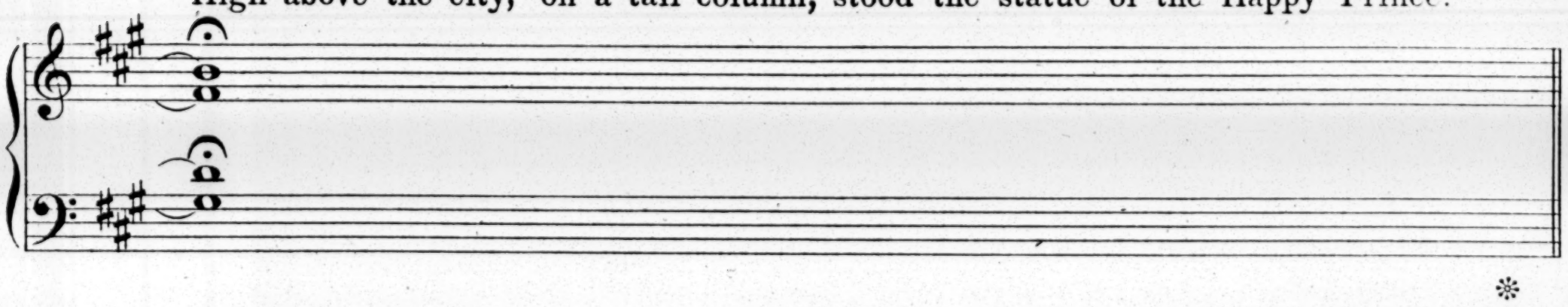
THE HAPPY PRINCE.

A story by
OSCAR WILDE.
(Abridged version for recitation purposes.*)

with incidental music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince.



He was gilded all over with * * fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt. * * * "He is as beautiful as a weathercock", remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical which he really was not. * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

* * * "He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral. * * * * "How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one." "Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

*(*The omitted portions are indicated by stars.*)

*For the complete version see Volume entitled "The Happy Prince and other Stories" by Oscar Wilde published by Mr David Nutt who has kindly granted permission for this abridged version to be used.

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One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six week

Allegretto.

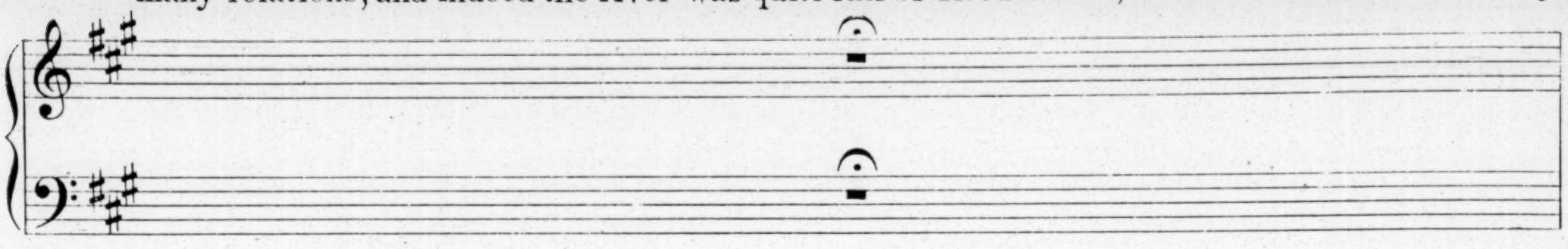
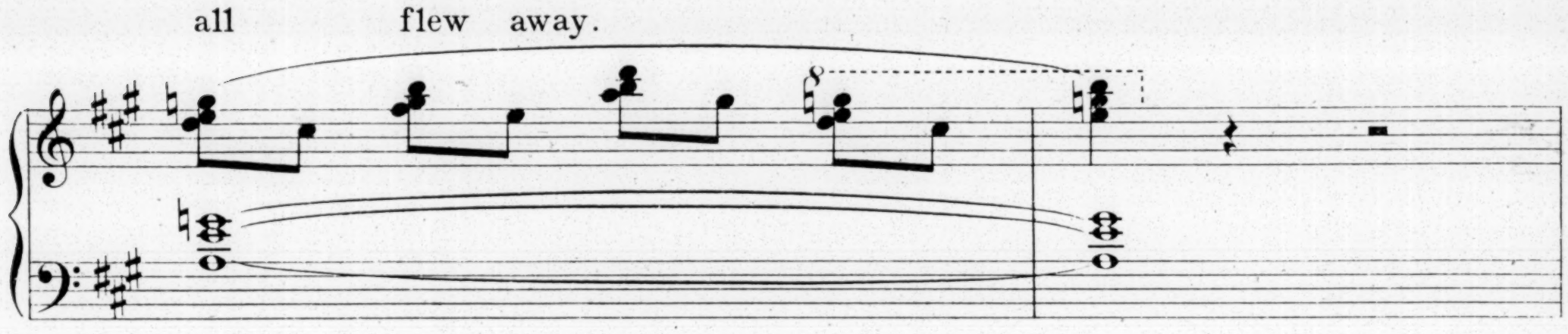
p

before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the Spring as he was

flying down the river after a big yellow moth, * * * * * * *

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, * * * and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her,

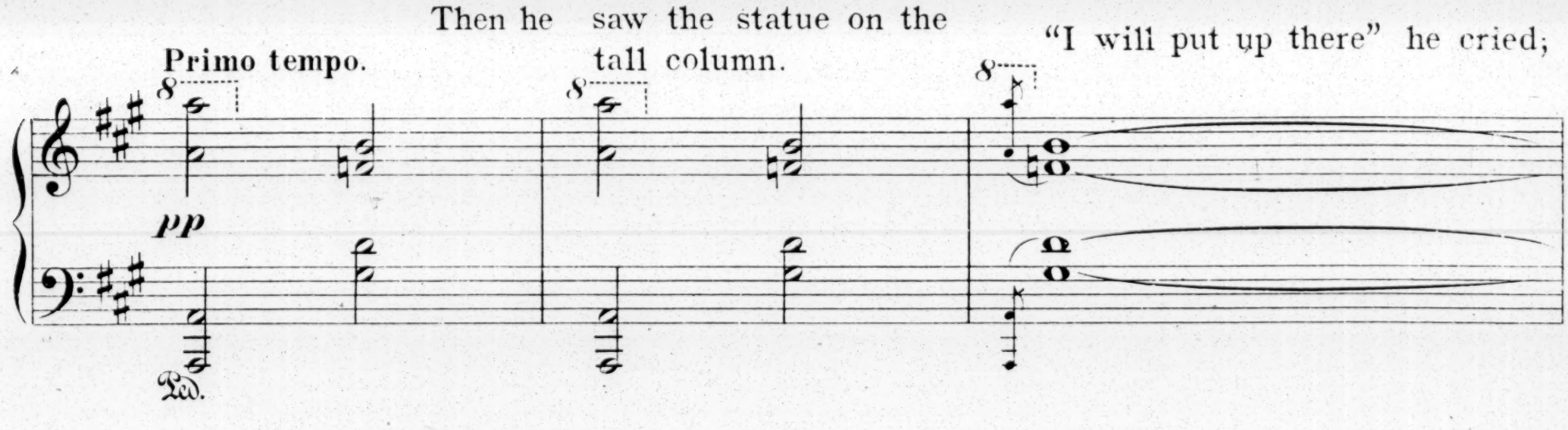
touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. * * * * *

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows; "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they

all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love.

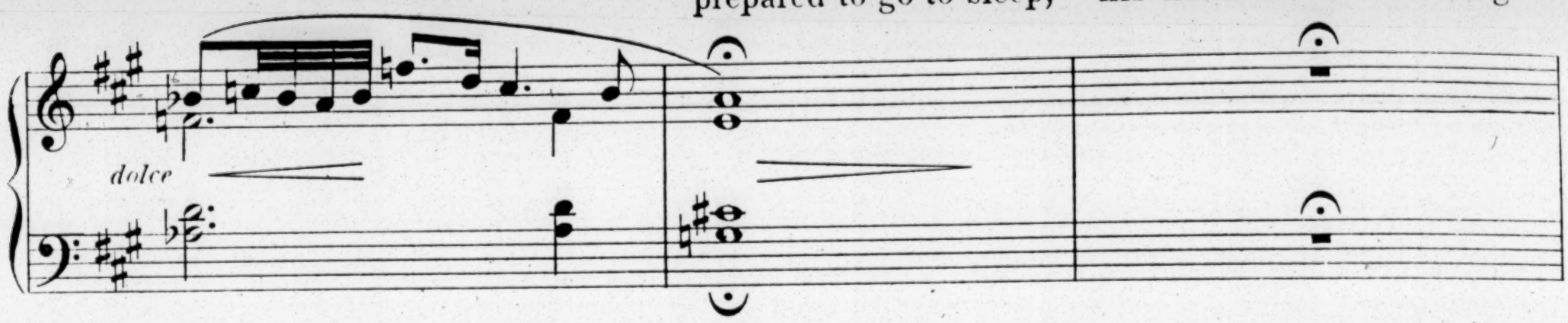
"I am off to the Pyramids (he cried) Goodbye!" and he flew away. All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

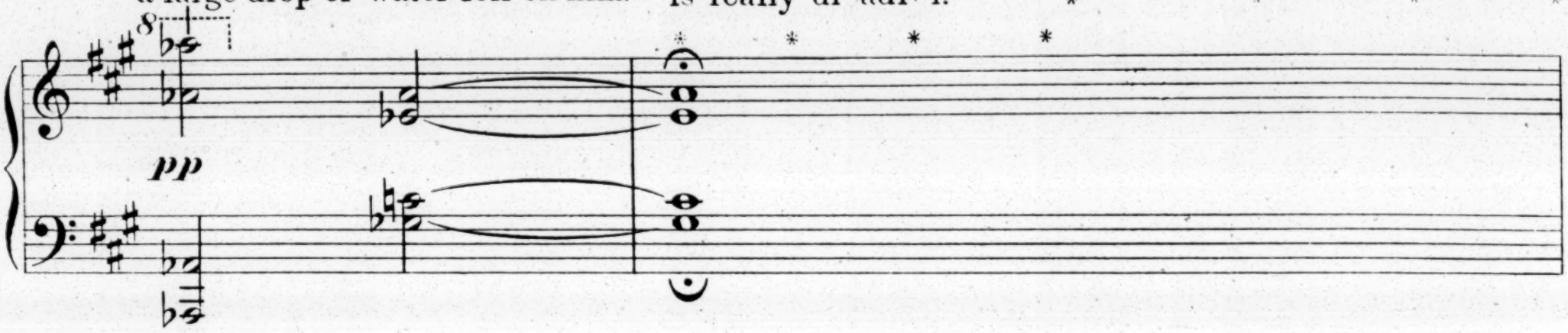
"I will put up there" he cried;



"it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

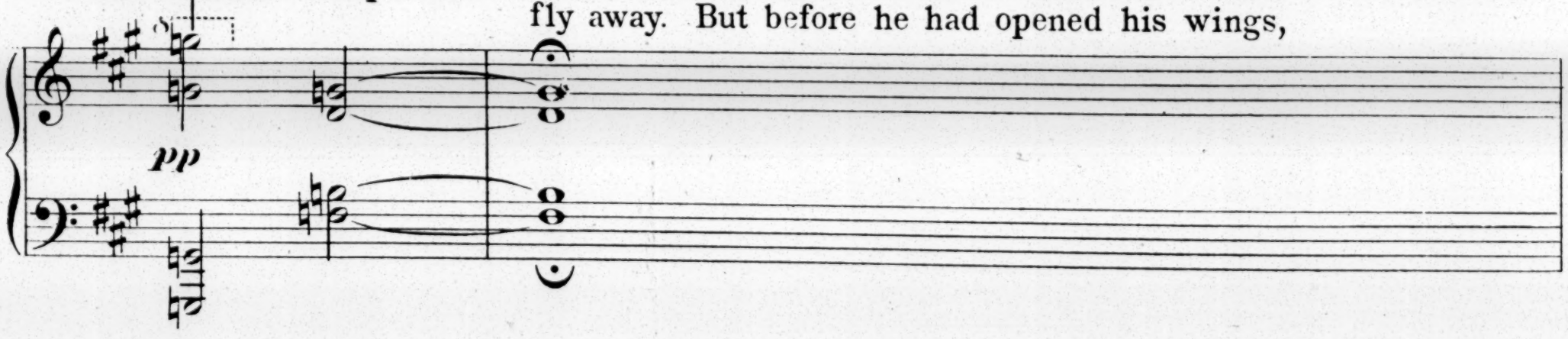
"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he * * * prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing

a large drop of water fell on him.

"What a curious thing!" he cried; "there is not a single cloud in the sky, * * * and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful!" * * * * *

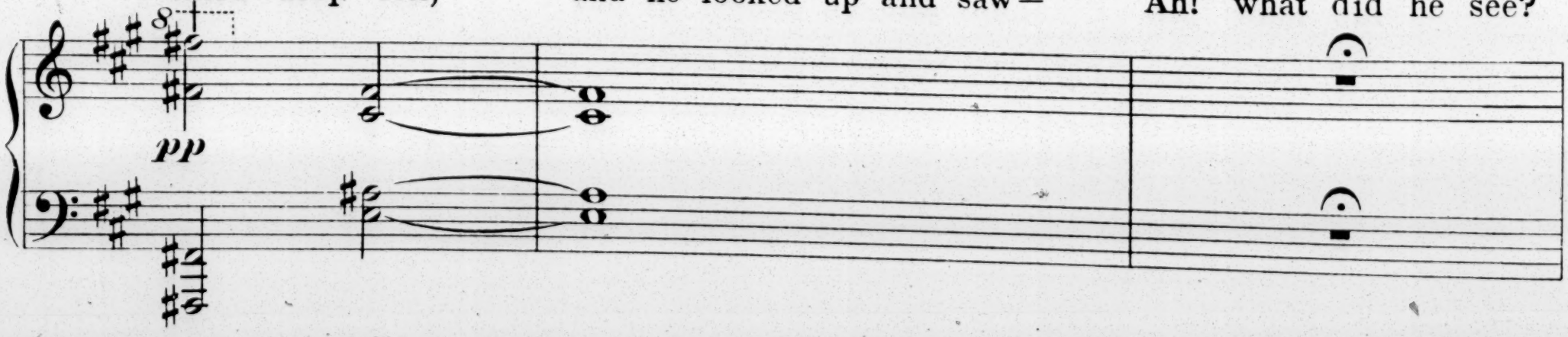


Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away. But before he had opened his wings,



a third drop fell, and he looked up and saw— Ah! what did he see?



The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity. "Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow.

* * * * *

"When I was alive and had a human heart,"

Più mosso.

dolce.

p

answered the statue. "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall.

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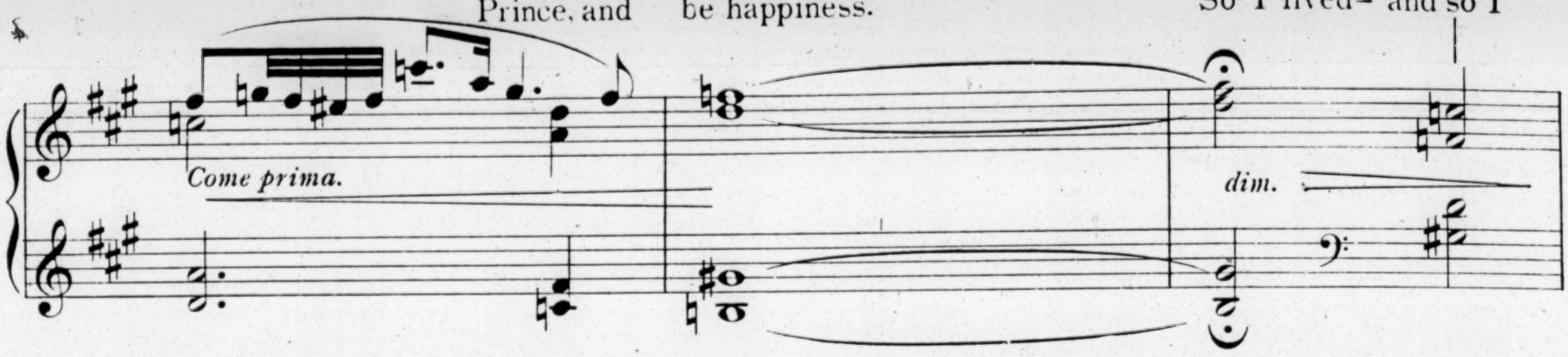
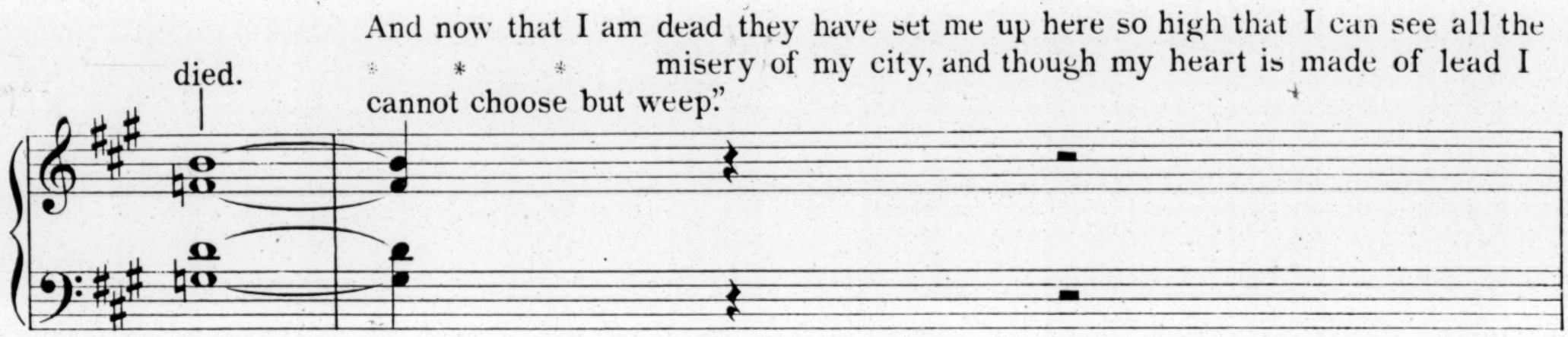
Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful.

My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness.

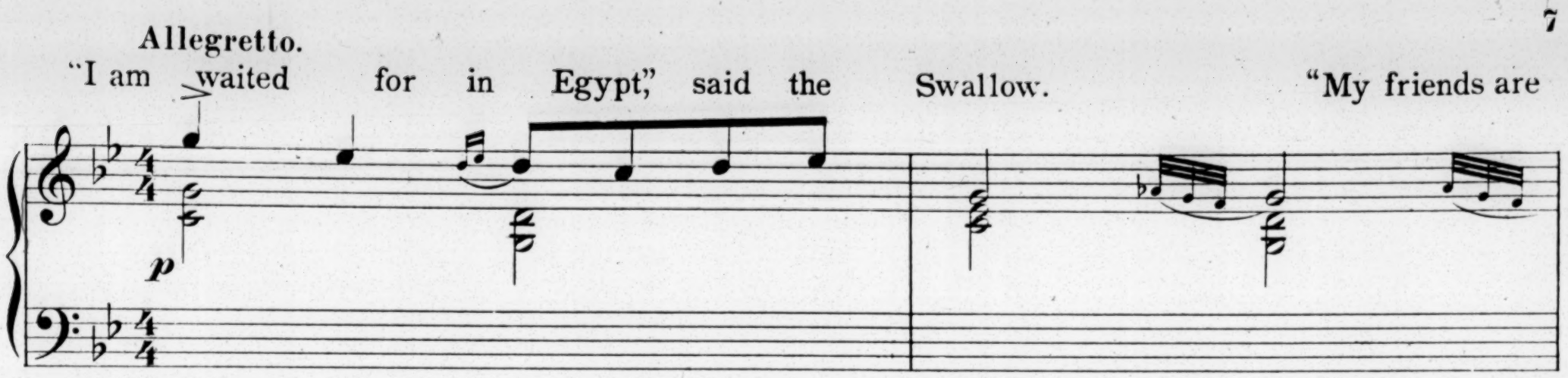


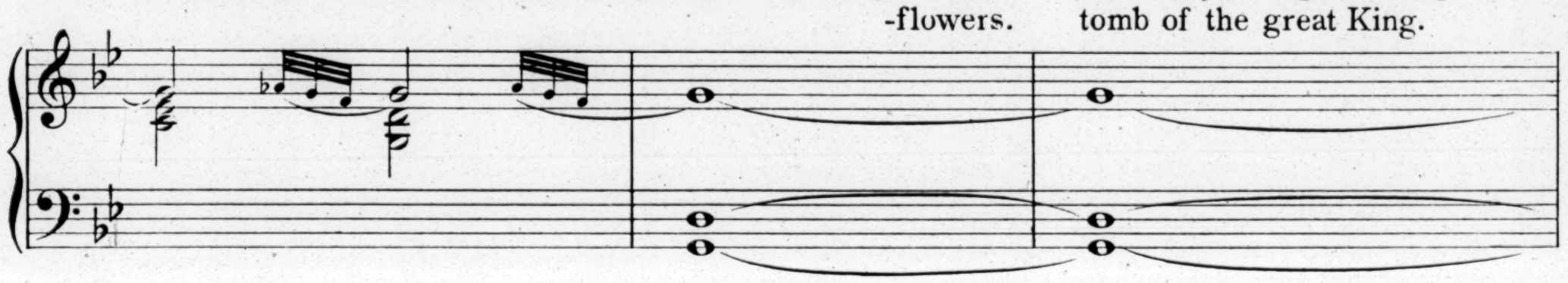

And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead I cannot choose but weep."
died.

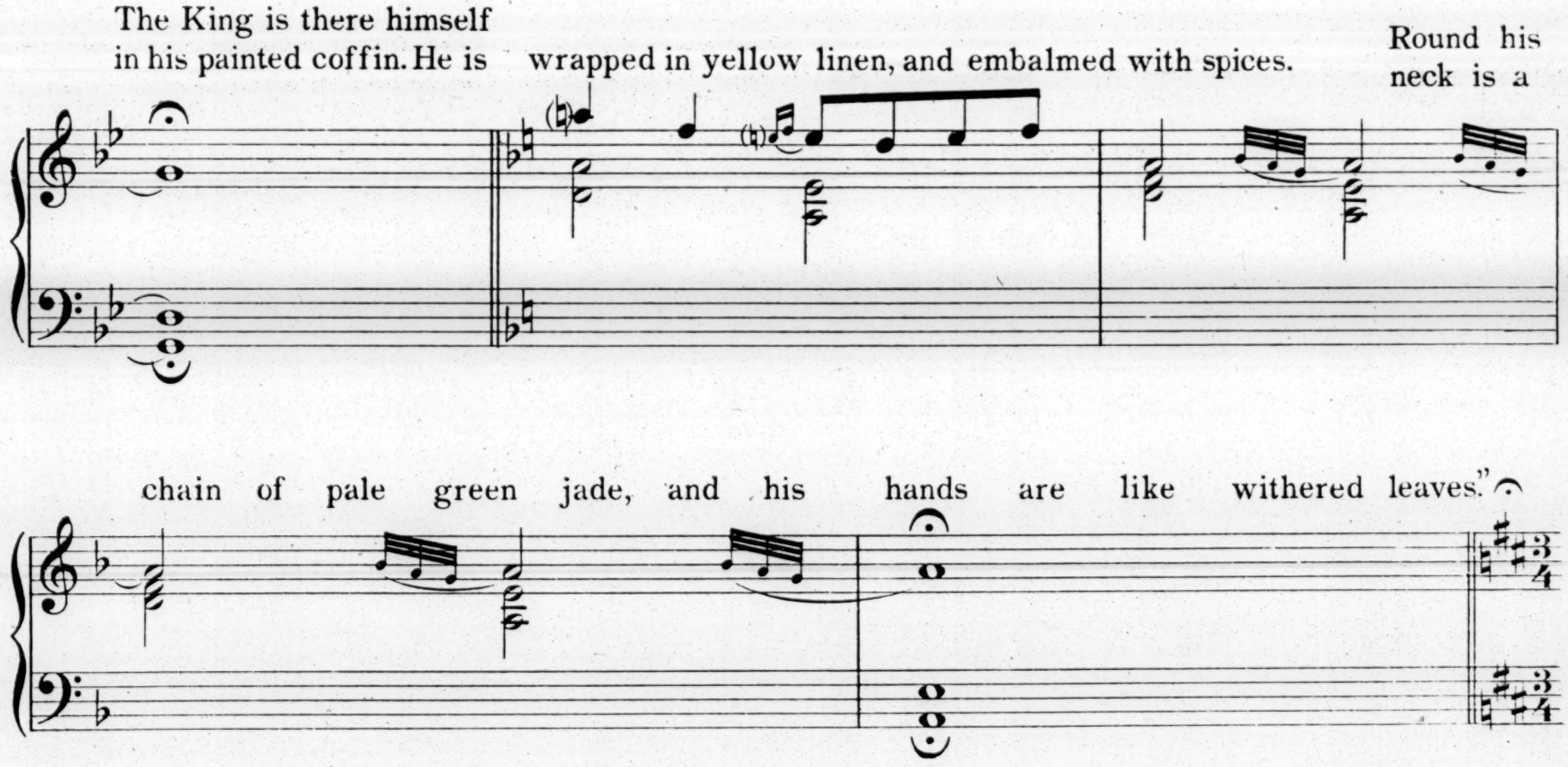
"What! is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself.

"Far away" continued the statue, "far away in a little street there is a poor house."

One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court--ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."






The King is there himself
in his painted coffin. He is
wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices.
Round his
neck is a
chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad." "I dont think I like boys," answered the Swallow . . .

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger." "Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town. He

Andante espressivo.

p sostenuto assai.

passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the

sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How

wonderful the stars are," he said to her— "and how wonderful is the power of love!"

"I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball," she answered, "I have ordered

Allegretto leggiero.

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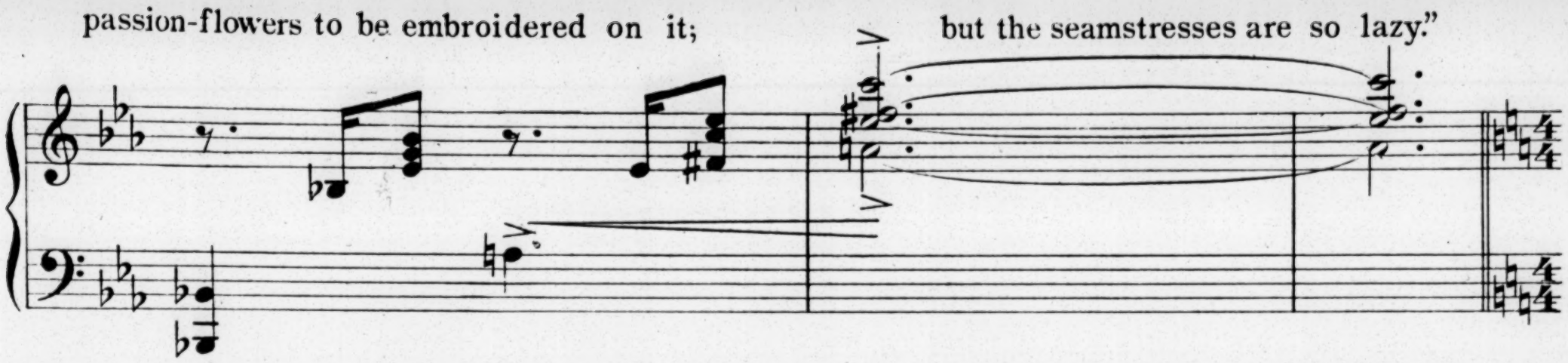
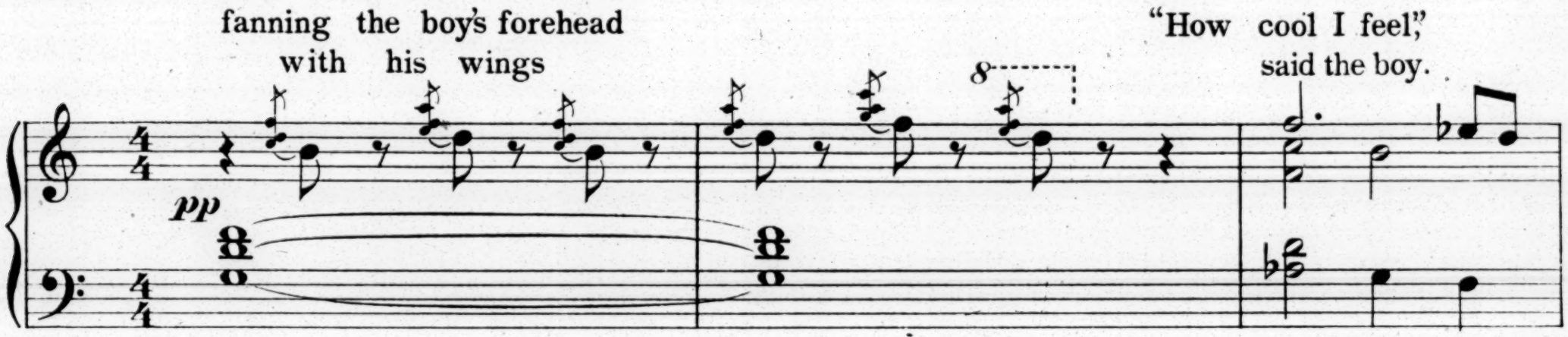
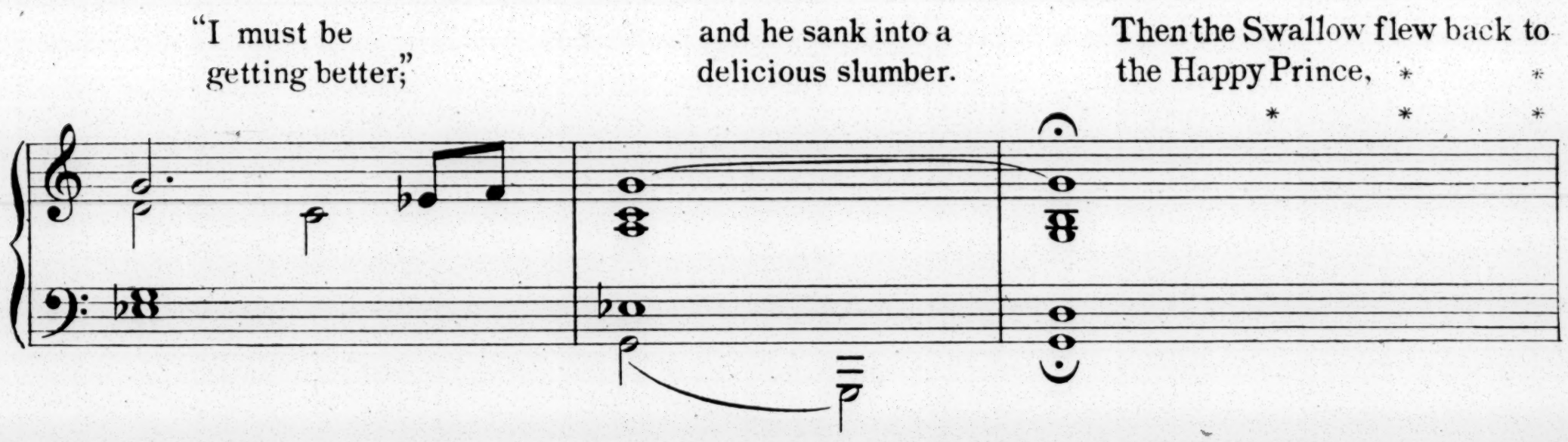
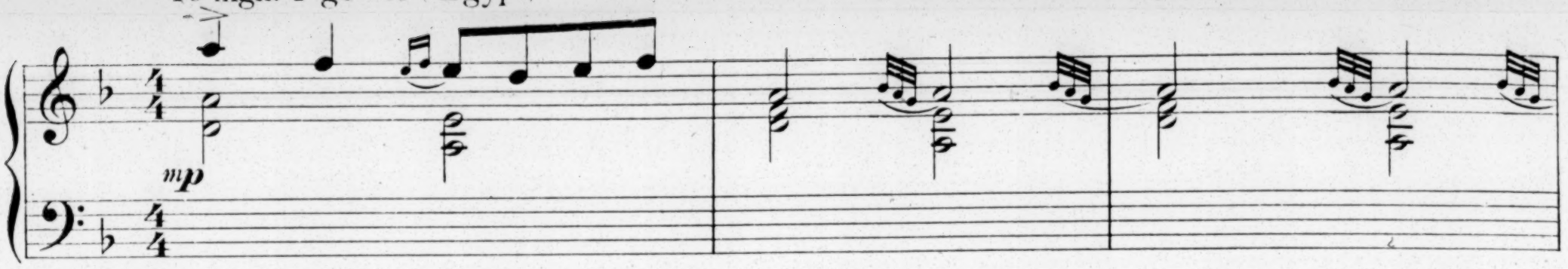
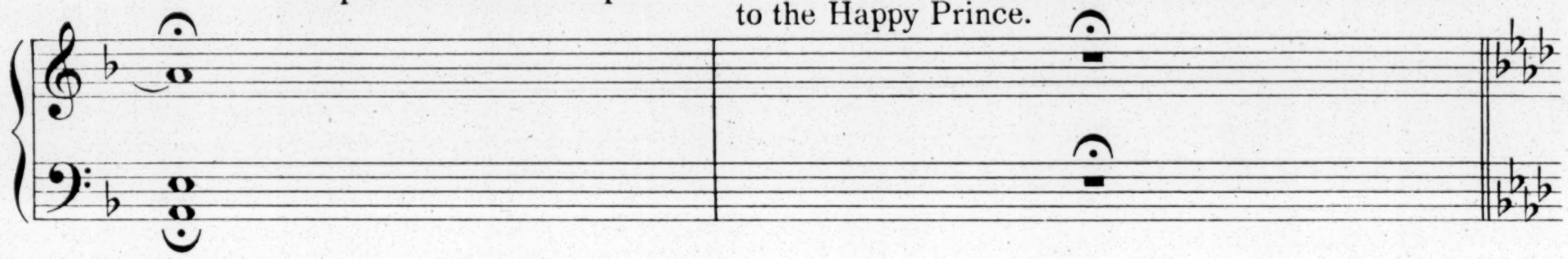
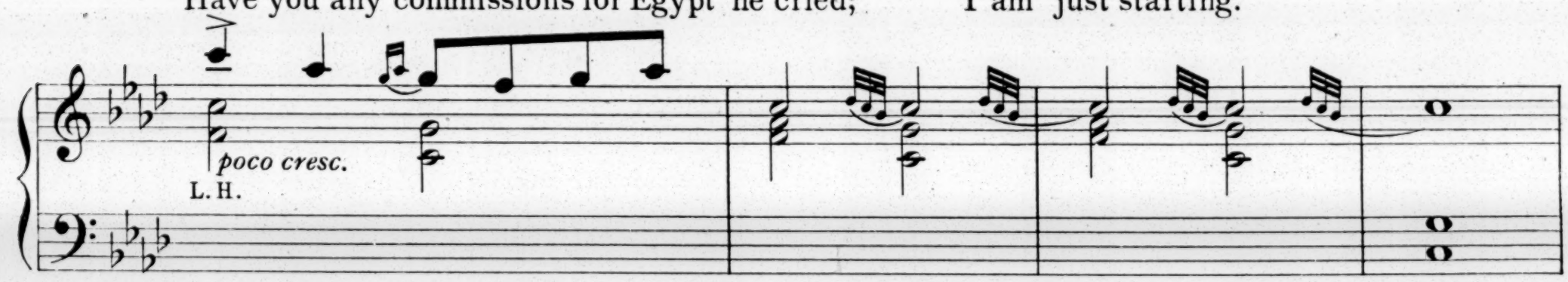
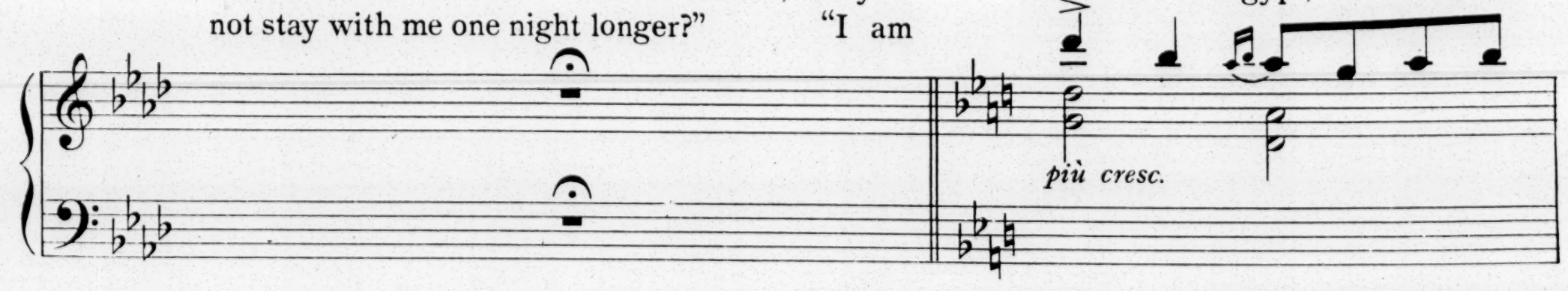

He passed over the river, and * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * came to the poor house * * The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed,



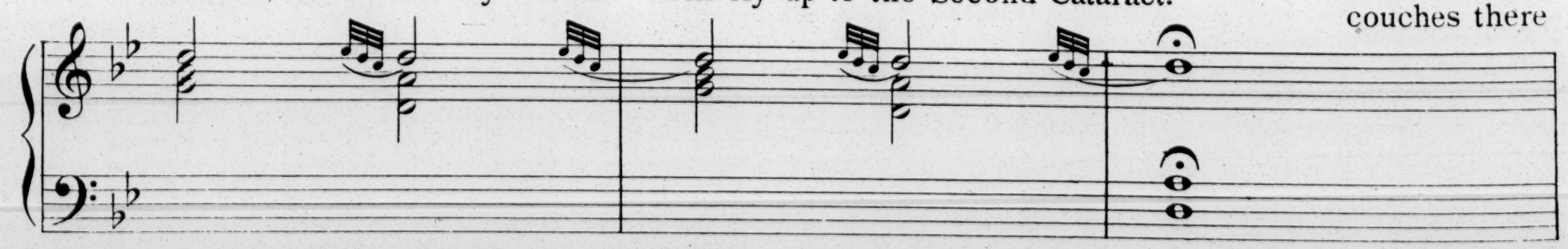
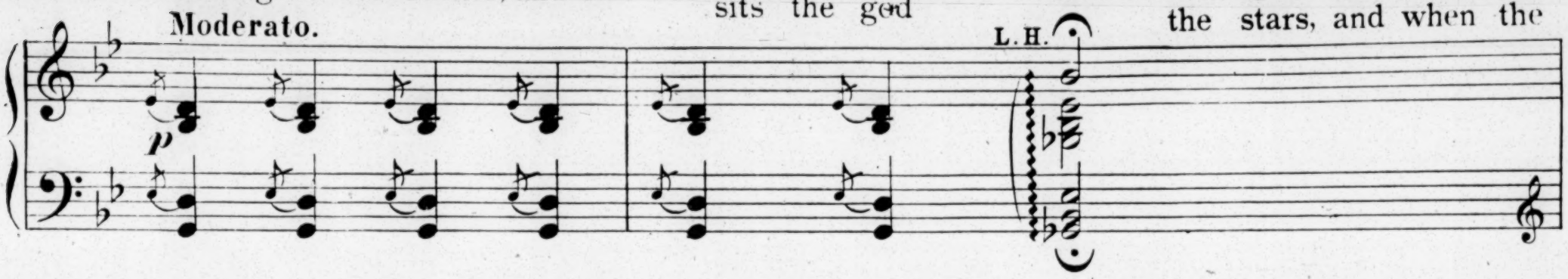
Allegretto.

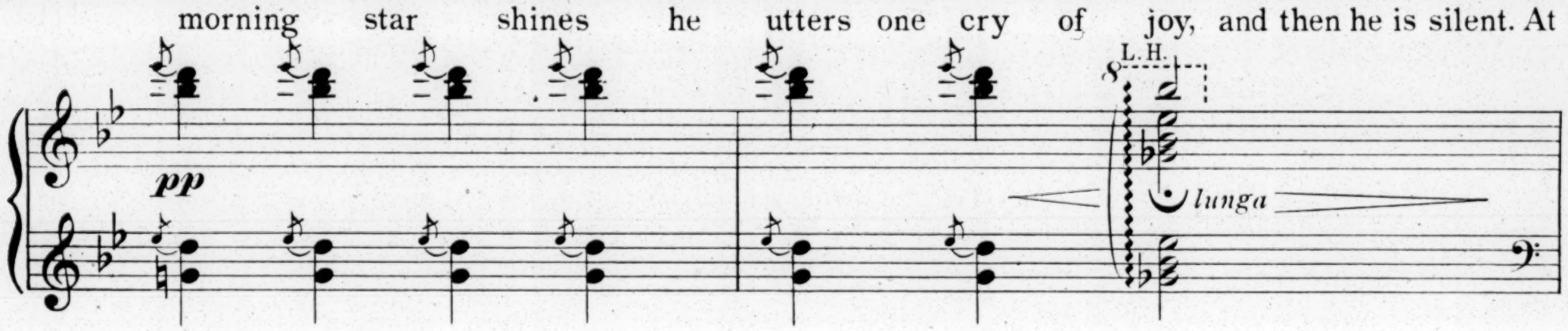
"To-night I go to Egypt," * * * and he was in high spirits at the prospect.

He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. * * * * * * * * * * * * When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.



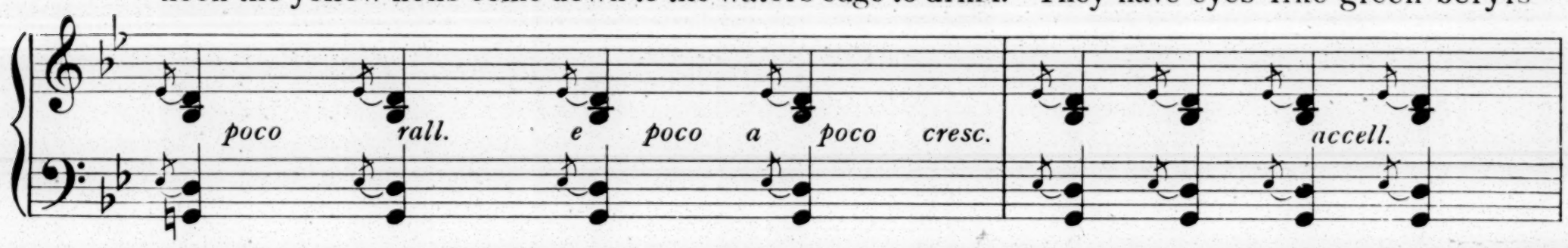
"Have you any commissions for Egypt" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?" "I am waited for in Egypt," answered the



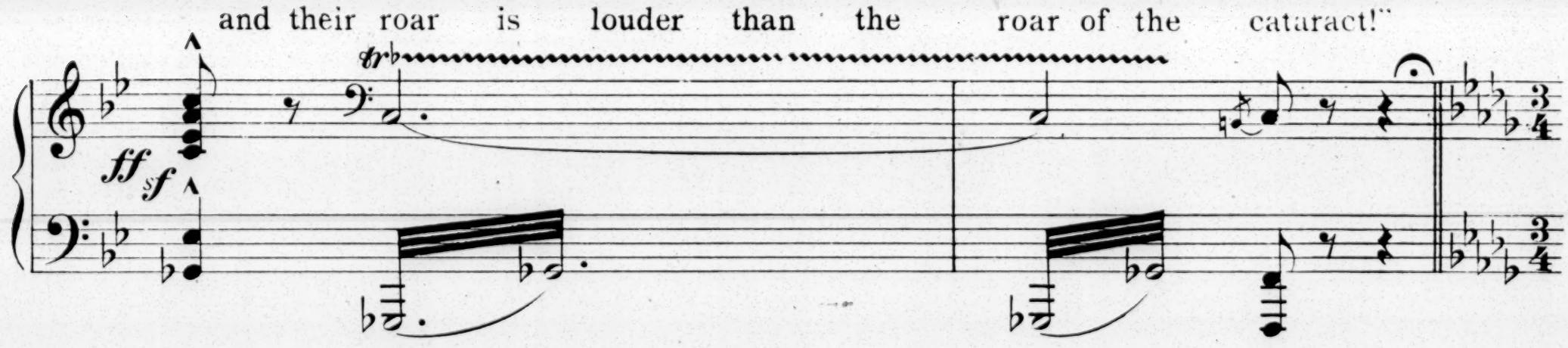
Swallow, "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there

among the bul-rushes, and on a great granite throne sits the god Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the

morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At



noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls



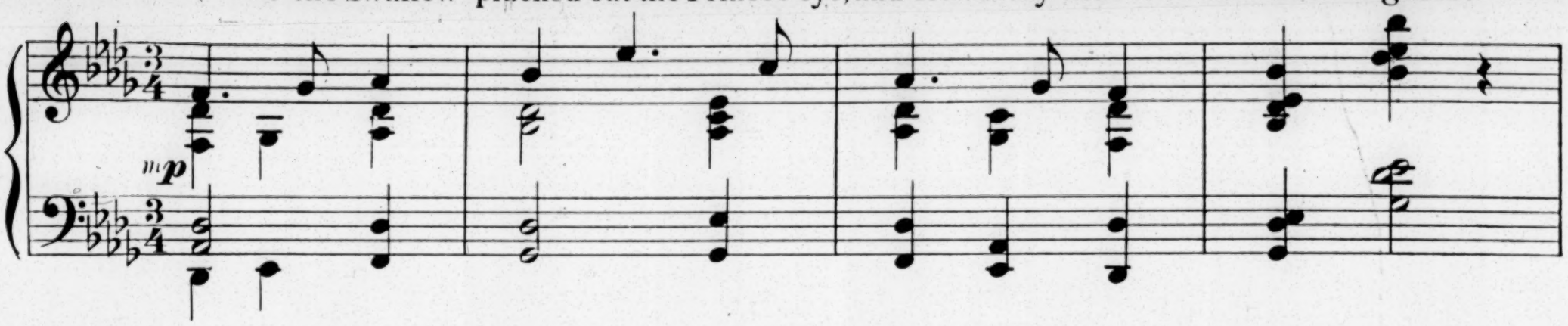
and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract!"



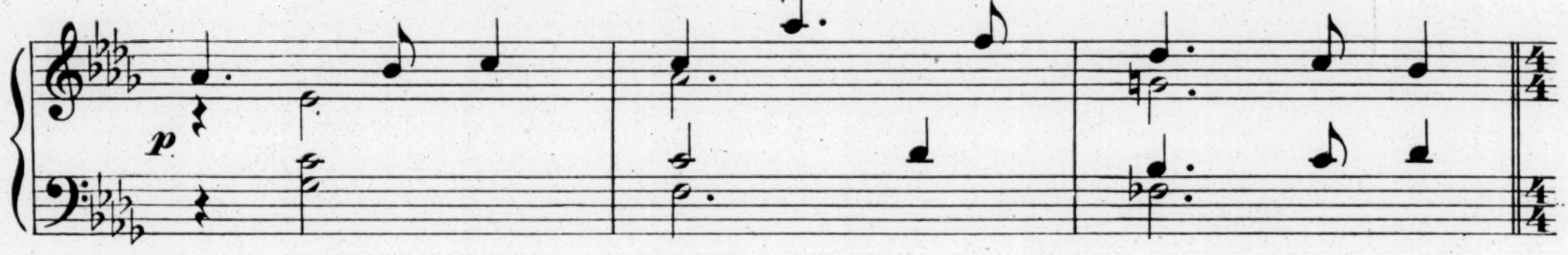
"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and * * * by his side is a bunch of withered violets. * He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint. "I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?" "Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, * * * * * * * * * Pluck out one of them and take it to him. * * * * * * * * * * "Dear Prince," said the swallow, "I cannot do that;" and he began to weep. "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

Andante espr.

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away with it to the student's garret.

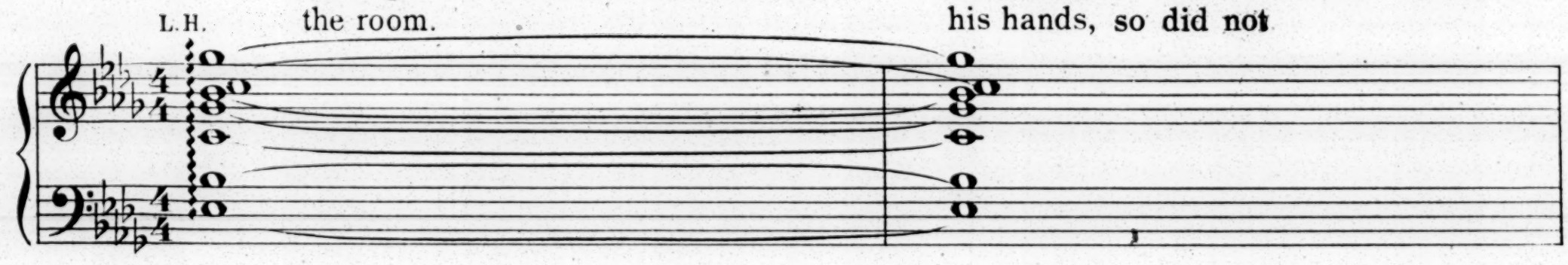


It was easy enough to get in, for there was a hole in the roof.



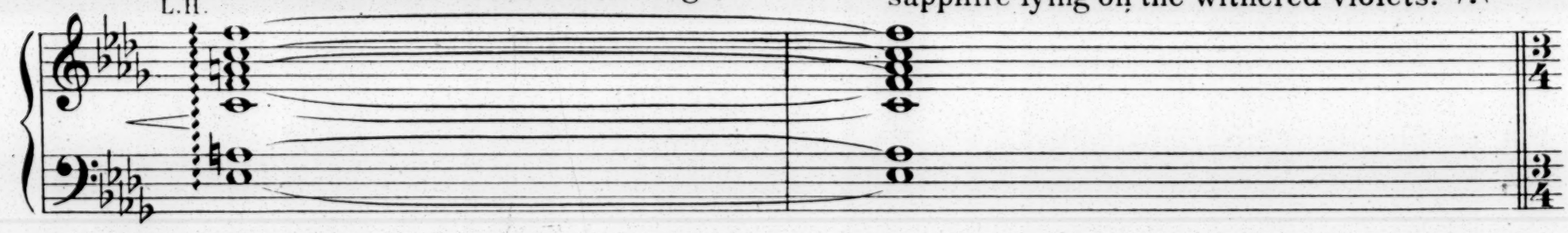
Through this he darted, and came into the room.

The young man had his head buried in his hands, so did not



hear the flutter of the bird's wings,

and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.



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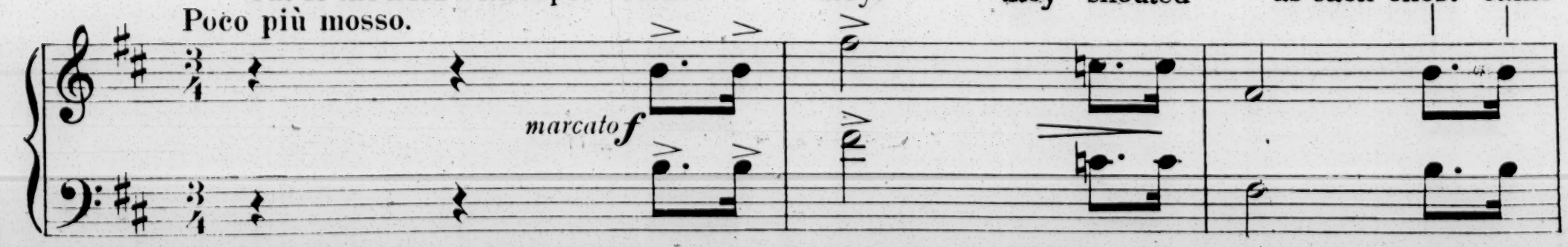
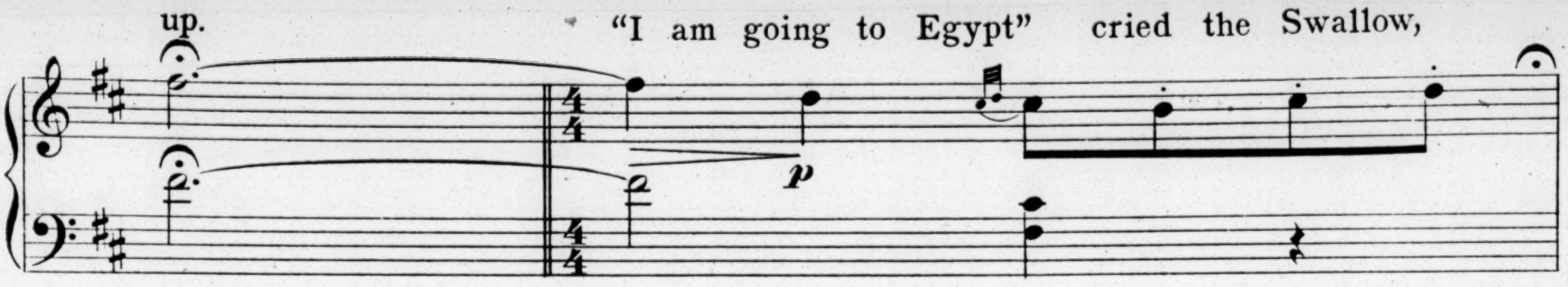
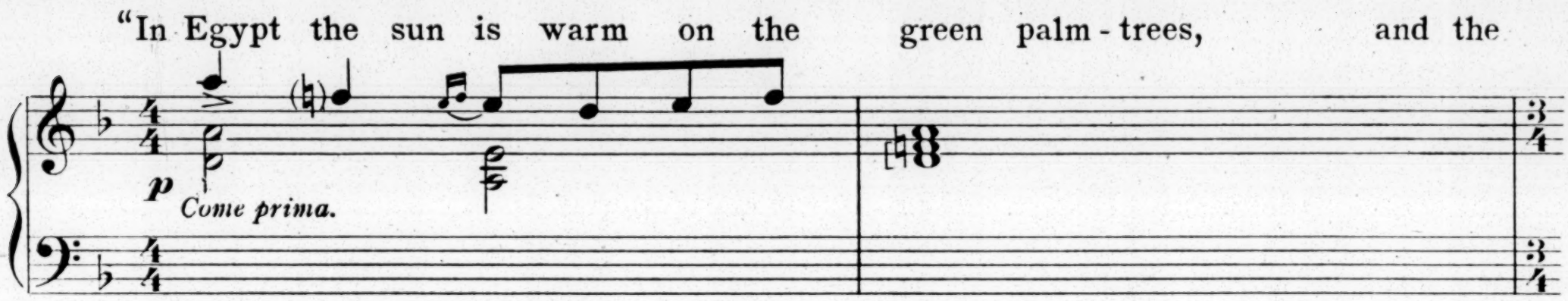
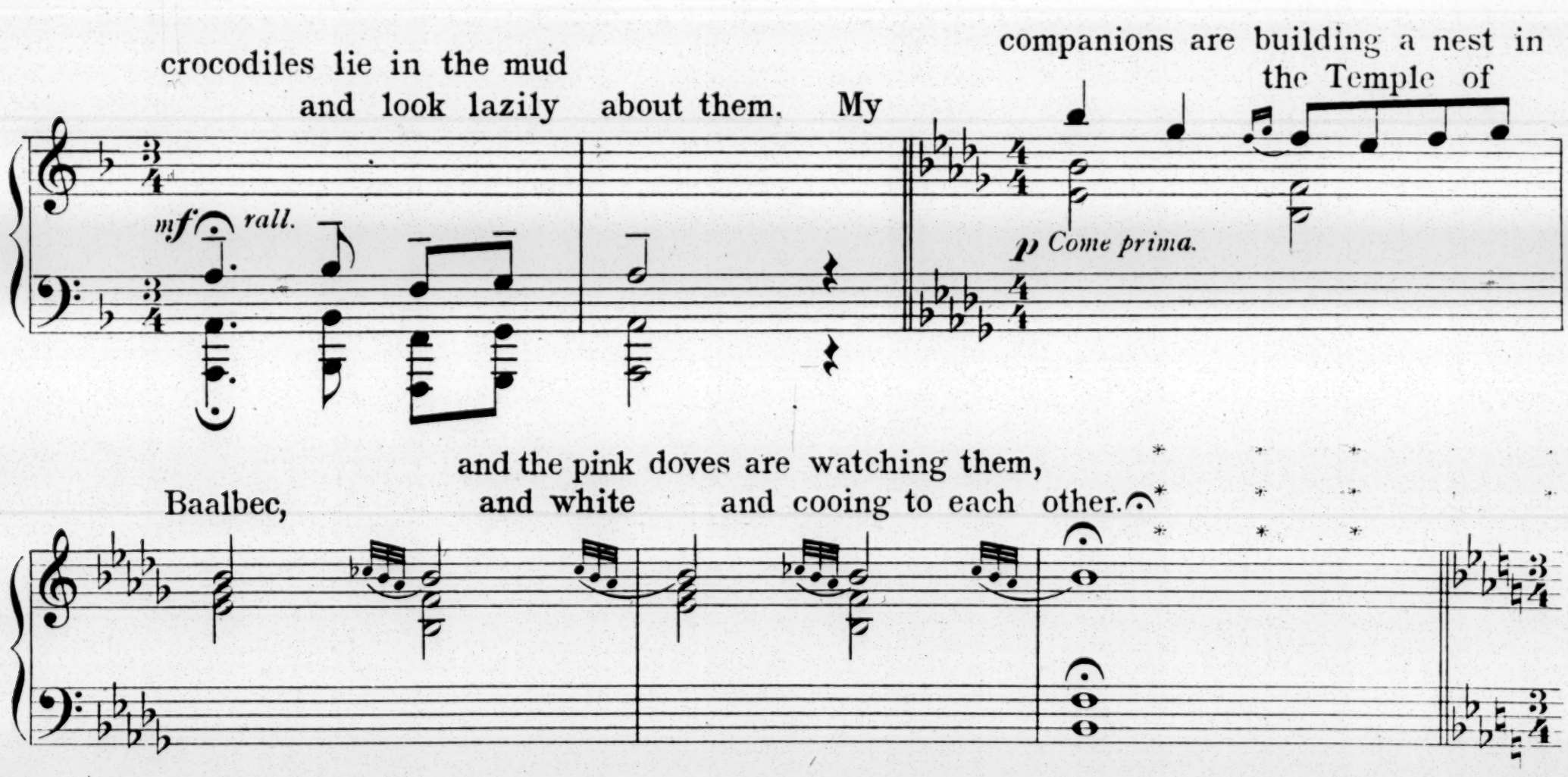
* * * * The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests

out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a - hoy!" they shouted as each chest came



but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried. "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?" "It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here.





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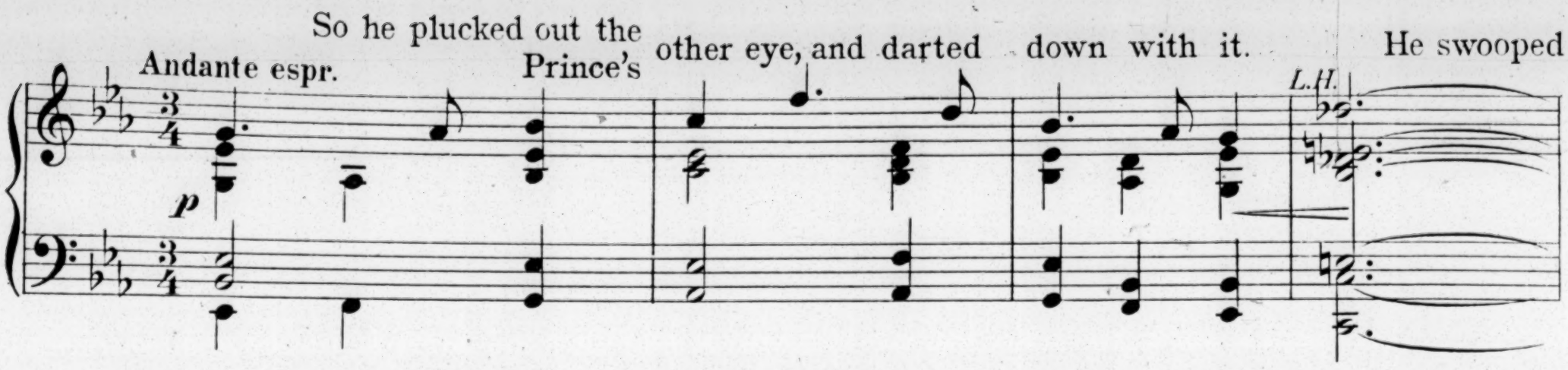
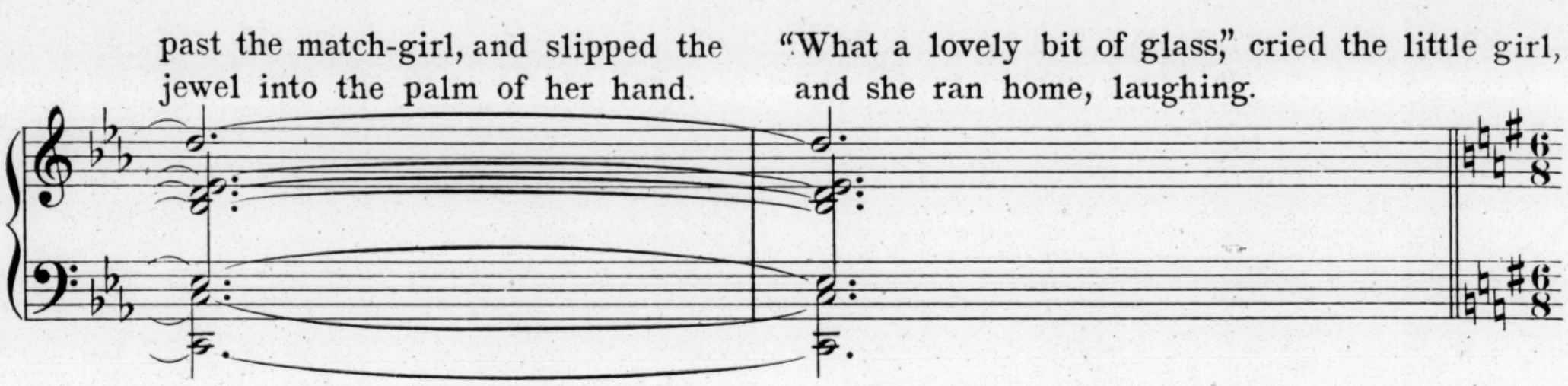
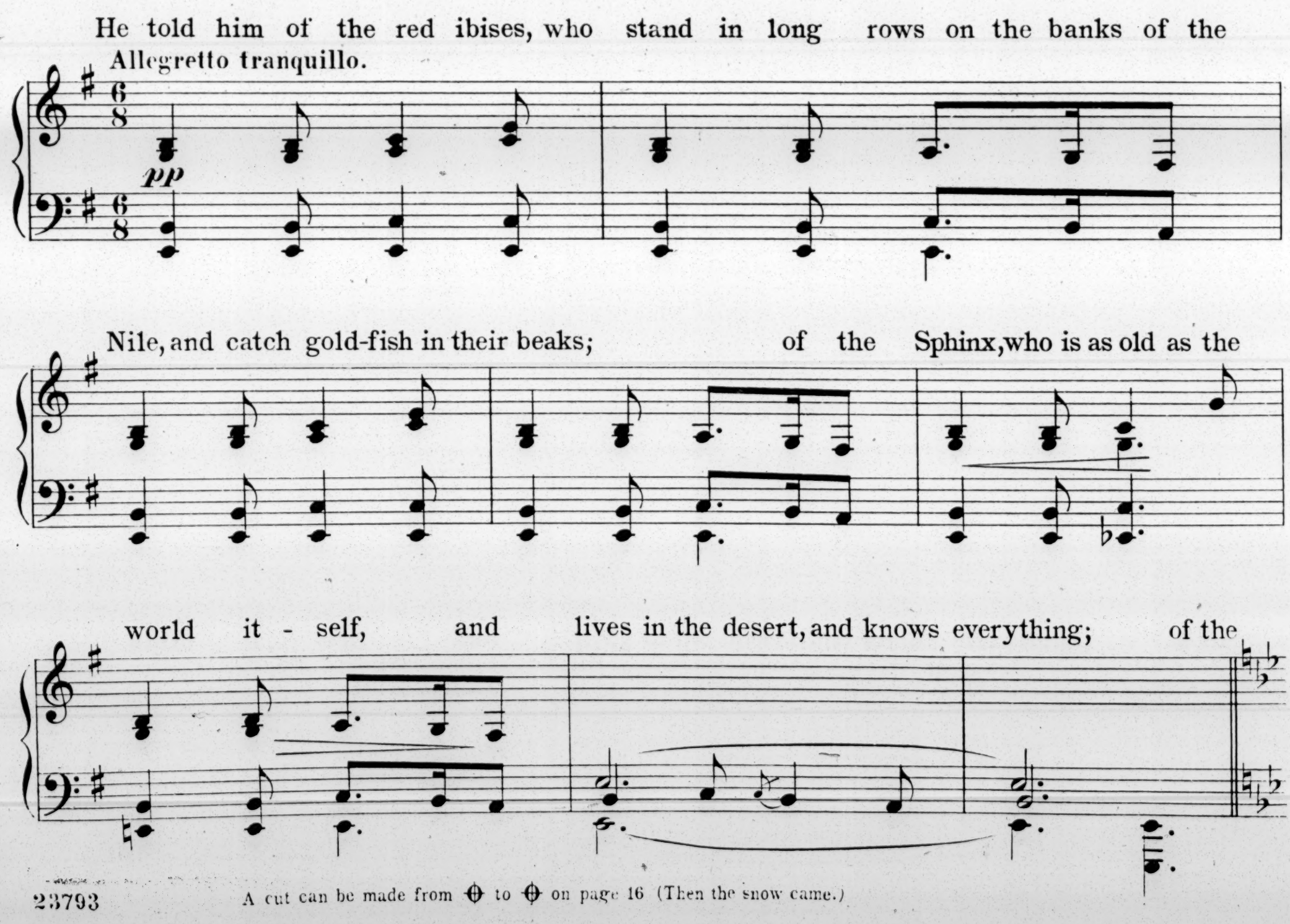



past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand.
"What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl, and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always." "No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt." "I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet. ϕ All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands.


He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the
Allegretto tranquillo.
pp
Nile, and catch gold-fish in their beaks;
of the Sphinx, who is as old as the
world it - self, and lives in the desert, and knows everything;
of the

A cut can be made from ϕ to ϕ on page 16 (Then the snow came.)

merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their

hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and

worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a

rall.

palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honeycakes;

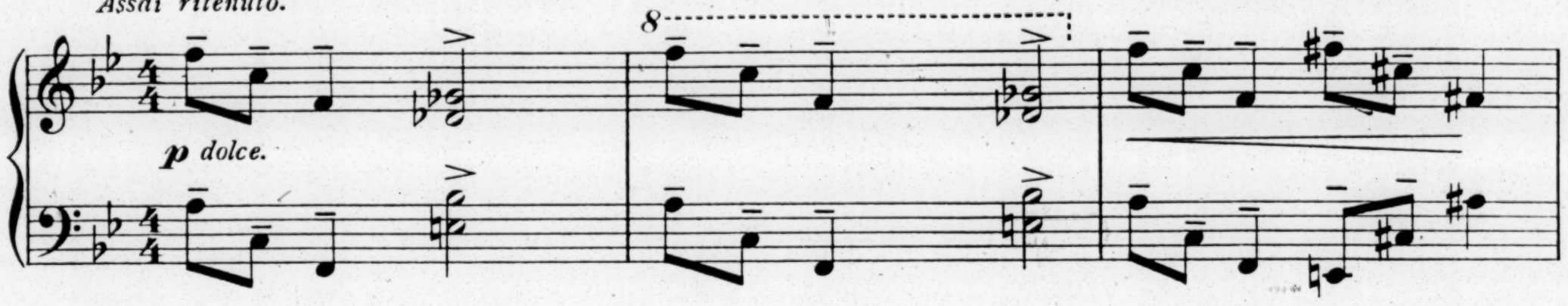
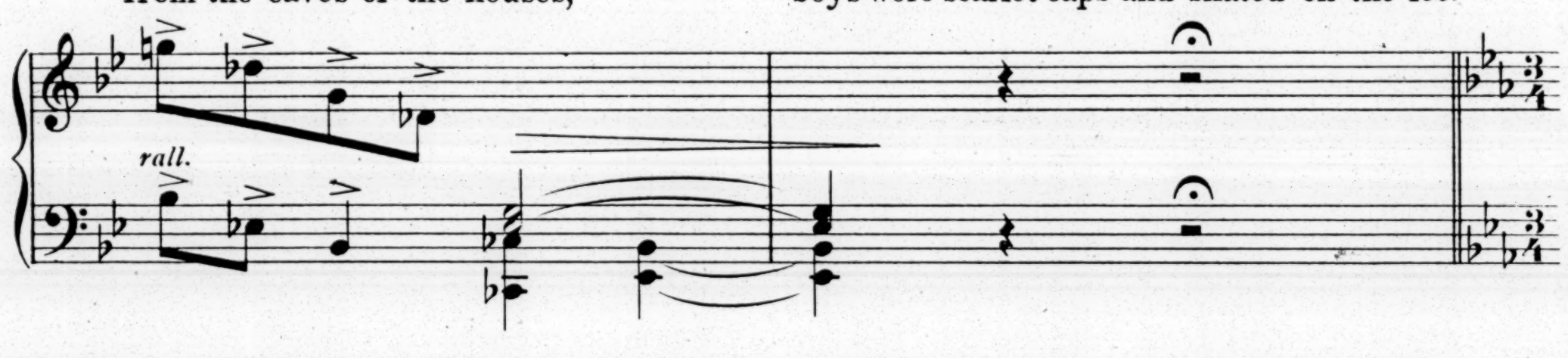
and of the pigmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

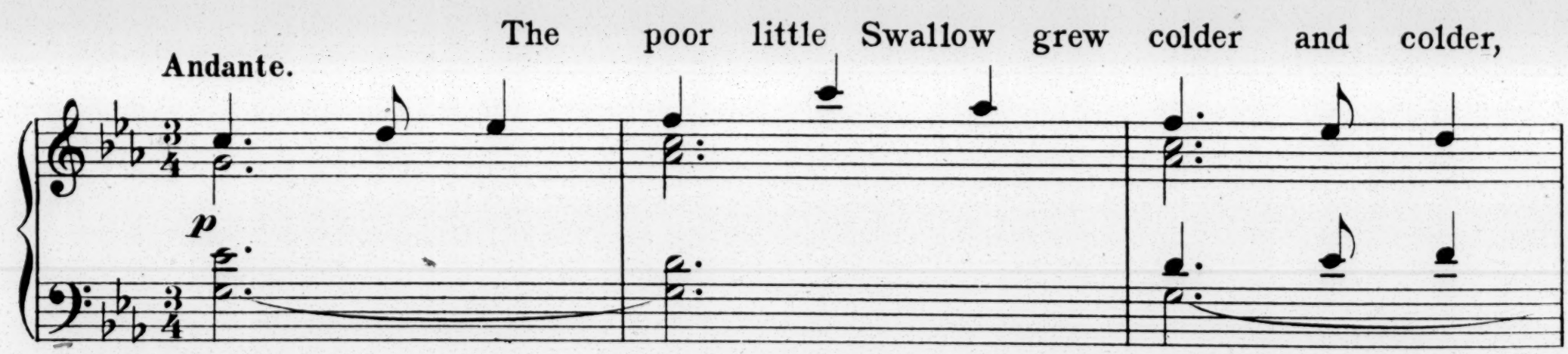
a tempo

leggiero

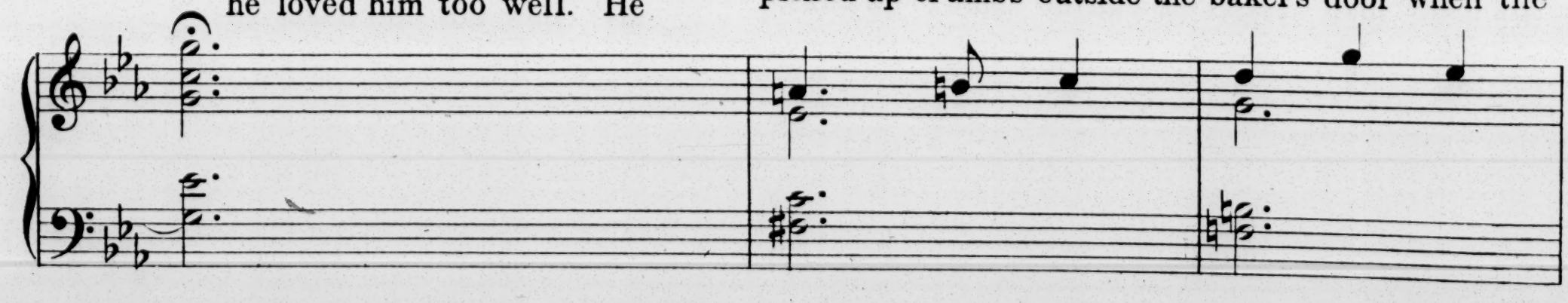
Ped.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver,

long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses; everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder,



but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the



baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured,

"Will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

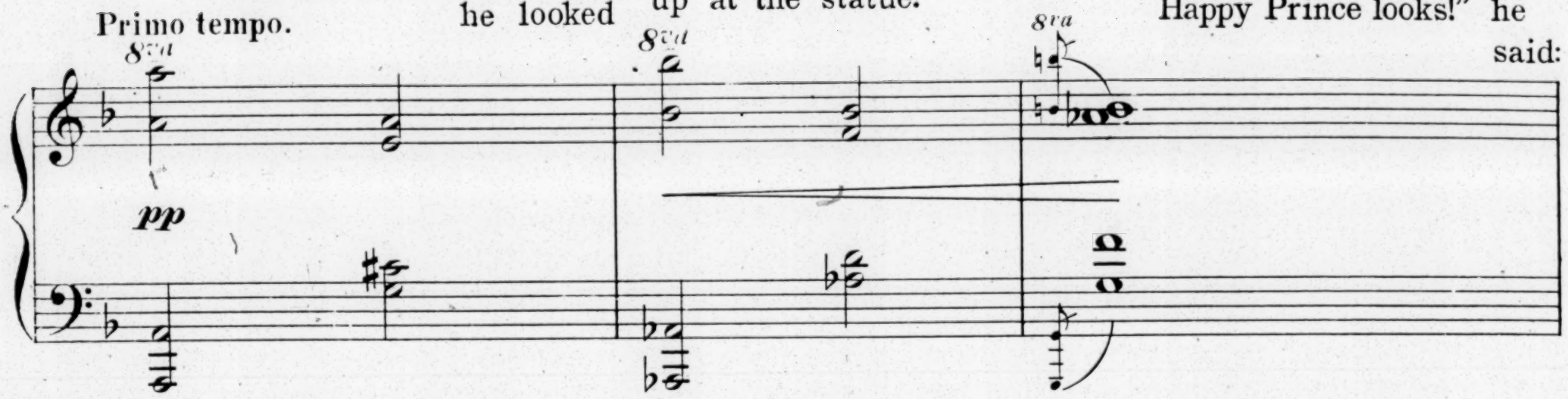
"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?" And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet. At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken.

Allegro. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors.

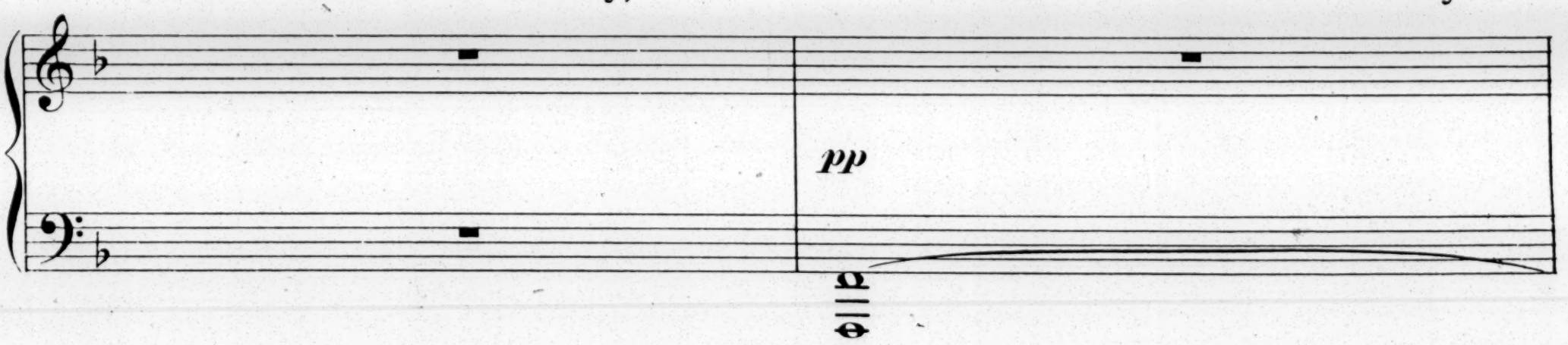
As they passed the column he looked up at the statue.

"Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said:

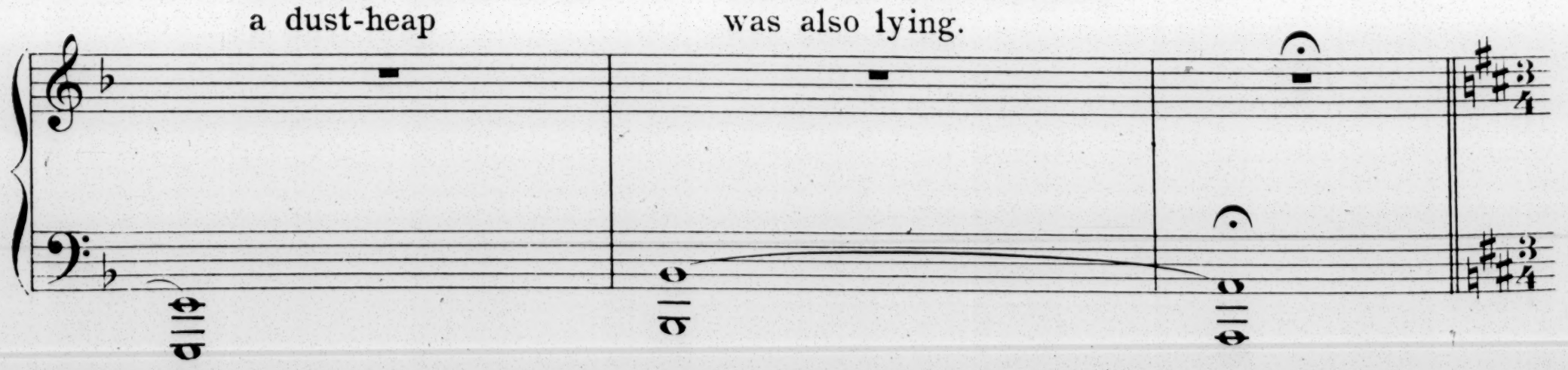


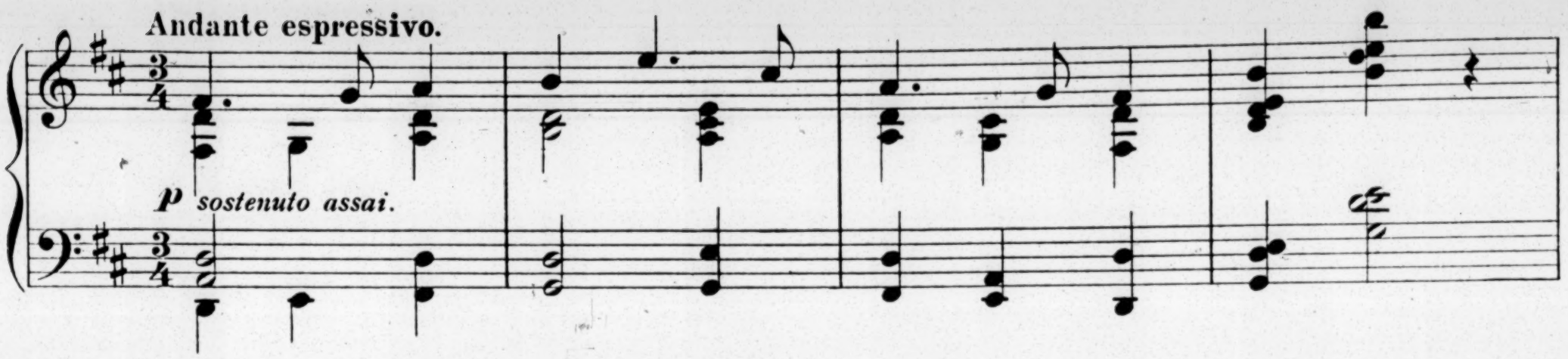
* * * * "The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," * * * in fact, he is little better than a beggar!" "Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors. * * * So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. * * * * and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself." * 𝄐 * *

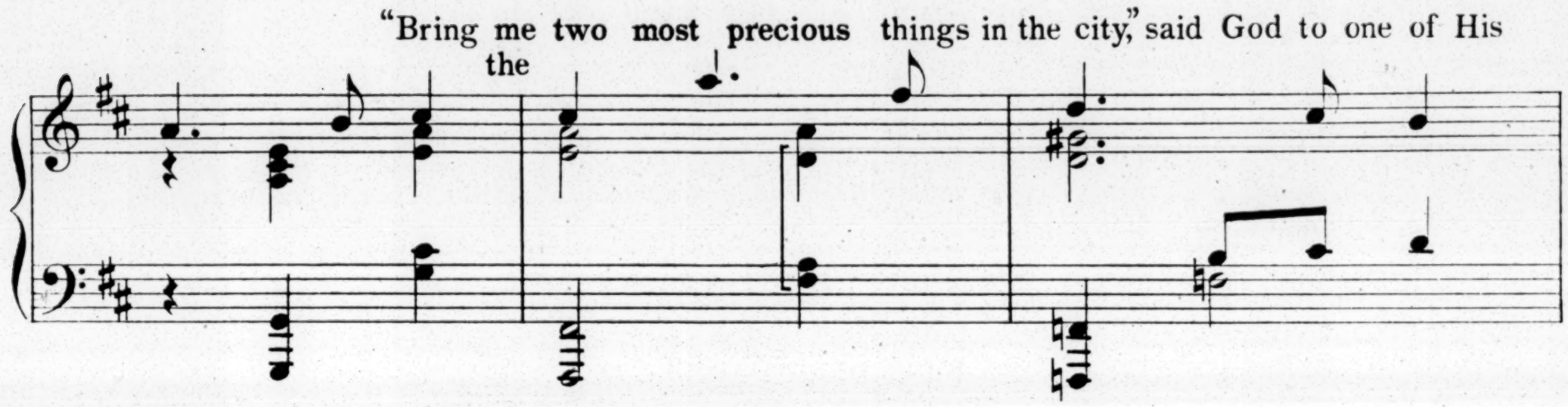
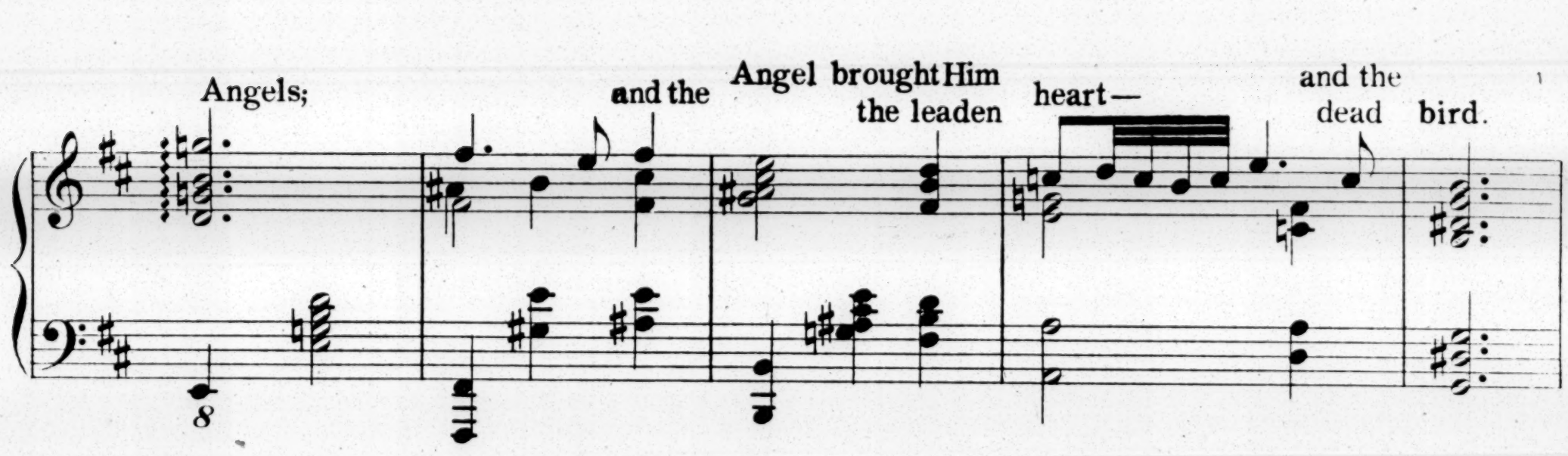
"What a strange thing," said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry,

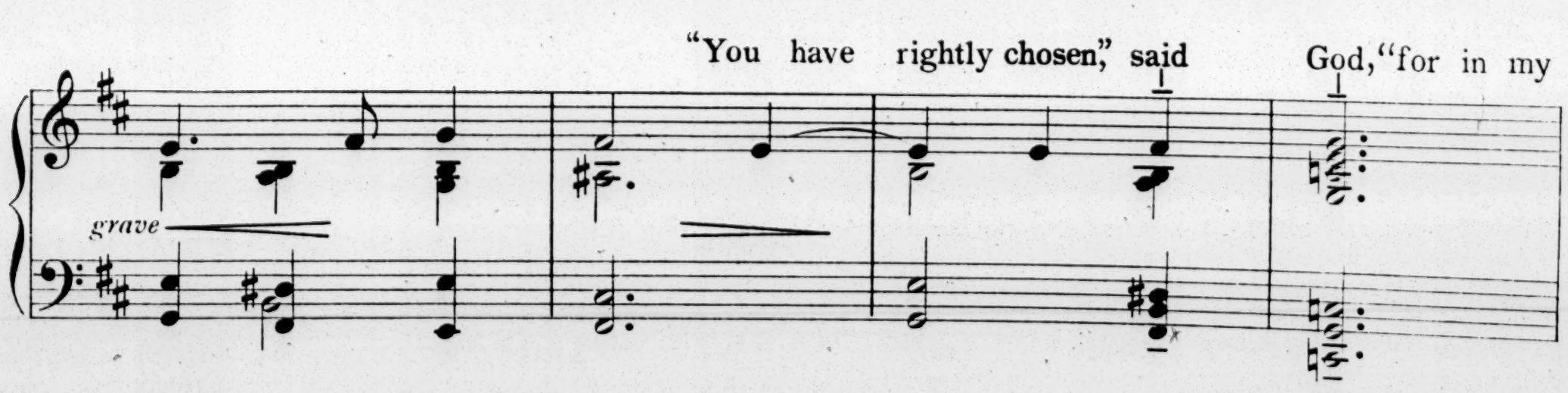
"This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away."

So they threw it on a dust-heap

Where the dead Swallow was also lying.




Andante espressivo.
p sostenuto assai.


"Bring me two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His
the

Angels;
and the
Angel brought Him
the leaden
heart—
and the
dead
bird.
8


"You have rightly chosen," said
God, "for in my
grave

garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore.

L. H.

and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me!"

f cresc molto

(Like distant bells.)

sempre dim.

col Ped.

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No.		
1	First and chief, on golden wing (*Il Pensieroso*) ..	HANDEL
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4	Mountains, on whose barren breast (*l'Allegro*) ..	,,
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7	O let eternal honours crown His Name (*Judas Maccabæus*) ..	,,
8	Ah, if I only knew (*Orfeo*)	GLUCK
9	O welcome now (*The Seasons*)	HAYDN
10	Lo, now asiant the dew-bright earth (*The Seasons*)	,,
11	And God said : Let the earth (*The Creation*) ..	,,
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21	Ah ! not a drop that from our cups we throw (*In a Persian Garden*)	LIZA LEHMANN
22	My mother had a maid called Barbara (*Lines from Othello*)	,,
23	Cheerily carols the lark (*Ruddigore*) ..	SULLIVAN
24	Sad is that woman's lot who, year by year (*Patience*) ..	,,

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